

# Leaves, Race

In my race, to have it all  
To nail it all, I have become  
A useless bag, a dead man's sack  
All these things find me now

But I get myself a good night's sleep  
I don't know what to do about you now

Sometimes breathing's  
The hardest thing to do  
I'm runnin' after you  
Two souls leavin'  
ever feelin' down  
never turn around

I keep on, movin' round  
Turnin' down the things you do  
Would it change anything  
Heavenly Saints at all

But I get myself a good night's sleep  
I don't know what to do about you now

Sometimes breathin's  
The hardest thing to do  
Runnin' after you  
Two souls leavin'  
ever feelin' down  
never turn around

Now that I know, yeah  
You know that I will  
Now that I know  
I keep on movin', cruisin'

Sometimes breathing's  
The hardest thing to do  
Runnin' after you  
Two souls leavin'  
ever feelin' down  
never turn around

Sometimes breathing's (We could make it and it)  
The hardest thing to do (Should be alright, cause the bad things inside)  
Runnin' after you  
Two souls leavin' (Now we can make it and it)  
ever feelin' down (Should be alright cause there's bad things inside)  
Never turn around x3